

# RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Numerous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1841.

NUMBER 18.

## A View in Ridgefield, Conn.



The tract of land now Ridgefield, was called by the Indians *Caudatowez*, a word signifying *high land*, from its elevated situation affording a prospect of Long Island for forty miles. In 1708, John Belden, Samuel Keeler, Matthew Seymour, Matthias St. John, and other inhabitants of Norwalk, to the number of twenty-five, purchased a large tract between that town and Danbury. The purchase was made of Catoonah, the chief sachem, and other Indians. The deed is dated the 30th of September, 1708, and at the ensuing session of the General Assembly, it was incorporated as a town, by the name of Ridgefield.

This township is of an oblong shape, about 13 miles in length from north to south, with an average breadth of about three miles. It is bounded north by New Fairfield, west by the state of New-York, east by Danbury and Reading, and south by Wilton. The face of the township is characterized by a succession of ridges and valleys, running northerly and southerly towards Long Island sound. On some of these ridges the observer has a fine prospect of the Sound, although situated at a distance of fourteen miles; likewise the East and West Rocks, in New Haven, and the Highlands on the Hudson. The soil of the township is good for grain and grass. There are two societies or parishes, Ridgefield and Ridgebury. Ridgebury comprises the north part of the town. In the first society, (Ridgefield,) there is a pleasant village on one street, within the limits of about a mile, of about 60 dwelling houses, 3 churches, 1 Congregational, 1 Episcopal, and 1 Methodist. There is an extensive carriage factory in the village; also one for manufacturing cabinet furniture. There are some beds of limestone in

the town. Ridgebury society is a very long but narrow tract of land, gradually diminishing in width to the north, the extreme end of which is but about half a mile in width. The Rev. Samuel Camp, the first minister in Ridgebury, was ordained in January, 1769, the church being organized at the same time.

The place represented in the above view is perhaps 80 rods north of the Episcopal church in Ridgefield, at the north end of the village, on the road to Danbury. It was at this spot that the Americans, under Gen. Arnold, made a stand against the British forces, as they came down from Danbury. The house standing on the right, and fronting the south, is upwards of one hundred years old. At the settlement of the town, the proprietors gave Mr. Stebbins, the ancestor of the late Mr. Stebbins, who occupied the house, half an acre of land, in order to induce him to build upon it. This house has remained in possession of the family ever since.

In order to stop the advance of the British, a barricade was thrown across the street from Mr. Stebbins' house, extending to the place where the house opposite is now built. The place where Gen. Arnold's horse was shot, and where he killed the British soldier who was advancing towards him, is seen on the left of the engraving; the man and boy are seen standing on the precise spot. Many of the dead and wounded were carried into the house of Mr. Stebbins, and the floors were literally covered with blood; a number of the wounded died in the house. Fifteen of the British and fifteen Americans were buried near the first house now standing south of Mr. Stebbins'. General Wooster received his mortal wound about one mile and a half north, and Col. Gould was killed about

eighty rods east of the house; his body was carried to Fairfield. The British encamped over night on the high ground, nearly a mile south of the Congregational church, and when they left the place in the morning, they fired a house near by, which was supposed to be a signal for their shipping, lying on the coast near the Norwalk islands.

Sarah Bishop, the hermitess, resided just over the boundary line of Ridgefield, in the state of New-York. She lived on Long Island at the time of the Revolutionary war. Her father's house was burnt by the British, and she was cruelly treated by a British officer. She then left society and wandered among the mountains near this part of the state; she found a kind of cave near Ridgefield, where she resided till about the time of her death, which took place in 1810. She sometimes came down to Ridgefield to attend public worship on the Sabbath. It is said that the wild animals were so accustomed to see her, that they were not afraid of her presence. The following account of a visit to this hermitess, is taken from a newspaper printed at Poughkeepsie, in 1804.

"Yesterday I went in the company of two Capt. Smiths of this town, (N. Y.) to the mountain, to visit the hermitage. As you pass the southern and elevated ridge of the mountain, and begin to descend the southern steep, you meet with a perpendicular descent of a rock, in the front of which is this cave. At the foot of this rock is a gentle descent of rich and fertile ground, extending about ten rods, when it instantly forms a frightful precipice, descending half a mile to the pond called Long Pond. In the front of the rock, on the north, where the cave is, and level with the ground, there appears a large frustrum of the rock, of a double fathom in size, thrown out by some unknown convulsion of nature, and lying in the front of the cavity from which it was rent, partly enclosing the mouth, and forming a room: the rock is left entire above, and forms the roof of this humble mansion. This cavity is the habitation of the hermitess, in which she has passed the best of her years, excluded from all society; she keeps no domestic animal, not even fowl, cat, or dog. Her little plantation, consisting of half an acre, is cleared of its wood, and reduced to grass, where she has raised a few peach trees, and yearly plants, a few hills of beans, cucumbers, and potatoes; the whole is surrounded with a luxuriant grape vine, which overspreads the surrounding wood, and is very productive. On the opposite side of this little tenement, is a fine fountain of excellent water; at this fountain we found the wonderful woman, whose appearance it is a little difficult to describe: indeed, like nature in its first state, she was without form. Her dress appeared little else

than one confused and shapeless mass of rags, patched together without any order, which obscured all human shape, excepting her head, which was clothed with a luxuriance of lank grey hair depending on every side, as time had formed it, without any covering or ornament. When she discovered our approach, she exhibited the appearance of a wild and timid animal; she started and hastened to her cave, which she entered, and barricaded the entrance with old shells, pulled from the decayed trees. We approached this humble habitation, and after some conversation with its inmate, obtained liberty to remove the palisades and look in; for we were not able to enter, the room being only sufficient to accommodate one person. We saw no utensil, either for labor or cookery, save an old pewter basin and a gourd shell, no bed but the solid rock, unless it were a few old rags, scattered here and there; no bed clothes of any kind, not the least appearance of food or fire. She had, indeed, a place in one corner of her cell, where a fire had at some time been kindled, but it did not appear there had been one for some months. To confirm this, a gentleman says he passed by her cell five or six days after the great fall of snow in the beginning of March, that she had no fire then, and had not been out of her cave since the snow had fallen. How she subsists during the severe season, is yet a mystery; she says she eats but little flesh of any kind; in the summer she lives on berries, nuts, and roots. We conversed with her for some time, found her to be of a sound mind, a religious turn of thought, and entirely happy in her situation; of this she has given repeated proofs by refusing to quit this dreary abode. She keeps a Bible with her, and says she takes much satisfaction, and spent much time in reading it."—*Connecticut Hist. Collec.*

### SELECT TALES.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

#### PRESUMPTION;

Or, Vanity Rebuked.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Nothing tends so much to excite ridicule, as that mania which some persons have of thinking themselves superior to what they are really—of attributing to themselves merits which they do not possess—of imagining that all eyes are fixed on them—and that they have a sovereign empire over all hearts; though, in reality, they are hardly noticed by sensible persons—and, if remarked at all, it is by those only, who jest at their expense, and designate them as fit objects of railery and sport.

This presumption so common and so diversified, shows itself alike in both sexes. See in the garden of the Tuilleries, that young man with a grave and sedate air, how high he holds his head pretending to be extremely near-sighted, knocks against each passer by, and buttons up his coat to show what he calls his handsome figure. Foolish fellow, he imagines that he unites in his own person the head of *Antinous* and the noble carriage of the *Apollo of Belvedere*. Listen to that little ballad singer at a party—take notice with what affectation he sings a pathetic

song—with what self-satisfaction he waits, for the applause of the company—how delighted he seems with the praises he receives—he verily believes himself another *Anacreon*, and he will most certainly put himself on the ranks for the next vacant place at the Academy. Only see the laughable air of importance of a young clerk in an office, who takes charge of your commission, he promises, that it shall be attended to, he tells you positively that he will see to it, he will do every thing for the best, and although a mere scrivener, he cuts the matter short, as if he were the prime minister.

It is the same among women. The young girl of fifteen thinks herself an accomplished being—and wonders, that she is not yet married. The superannuated mother of a family imagines herself quite as blooming, and as young as her daughters—and she cannot resolve to put on a cap, until obliged to do so to hide her grey hairs. Just watch that young lady dancing the gavotte, with several young people around her: she is persuaded that she unites the grace and perfection of *Madame Gardel*; the gaiety and ease of *Made-moiselle de Cherigny*. Listen to that little boarding-school Miss, who has come to spend the vacation at home, tinkling a few airs on the guitar, because her father, mother, grandfather, and her three aunts are in raptures. She is convinced that she is endowed with the irresistible accents of *Madame Braucher*, the brilliant method and delightful voice of *Madame Duret*. Go into the most insignificant toy shop, the shop-keeper will say "We merchants." Go to a merchant, and he speaks as if he ruled the bank. Present yourself at the house of a banker, you will find all the form and etiquette of an ambassador, or a minister of state. It seems as if each one is unmindful of the place which he occupies on the wheel of fortune—and that incessantly striving to arrive at the summit he believes himself in the place of the one he sees above him.

Mr. Dumont was a rich woollen draper in the Rue St. Honor, and one of the most respectable merchants of Paris. He had two daughters, who shared equally his care and tenderness; but they exhibited the most striking contrast. *Armantine*, the eldest, really believed herself a perfect *Venus* as to features; a *Hebe*, as to complexion and grace; a tenth muse, as to learning and talents. When in company, she would cast down her beautiful eyes, in order to avoid the gaze of those around; for she thought all eyes were fixed on her; she imagined, that no one could resist the touching sound of her voice—and if she heedlessly looked around, she was convinced, that one glance of her eye was sufficient to excite the admiration of the gentlemen, and the jealousy of her own sex. Consequently, all her motions were studied, her steps measured. She might almost have been taken for a divinity—who forgot herself, in mixing among mortals. And the essences of all kinds, which she made use of at her toilette, announced her presence, as *Ambrosia* in the *Ar-bors of Paphos*, indicated the footsteps of the *Queen of Love*.

It was not the same with her sister *Maria*. Far from thinking herself superior to what she really was, her modesty and humility prevented her from appreciating herself according to her

just value. Less brilliant than *Armantine*, yet perhaps *prettier*, she thought it very natural that her sister should be the most admired, and that she should pass unnoticed! her eye was not so handsome, nor its dark lashes so showy as *Armantine's*, but far more expressive; her manner less imposing, but easier;—in a word, the eldest seemed to say, "look and admire;" while the other, walking modestly by her side, almost seemed to say, "don't take any notice of me, it is hardly worth while."

This remarkable dissimilarity did not escape the notice of those who visited at Mr. Dumont's; and it produced an effect very different from what the sisters imagined.

*Armantine* was liked by few. Every body idolized *Maria*. Both were endowed with amiable dispositions, but the ridiculous presumption of the eldest, contrasted so forcibly with the complete artlessness of the youngest, that every where the latter was received with pleasure and affection whilst the former was hardly noticed.

*Armantine*, who did not at all understand the sentiments, which she inspired, attributed this difference not only to the respect she commanded, but also to the emotion and surprise felt at the sight of her beauty.

"Don't you take notice," she would say to *Maria*, with an assumed dignity, "don't you notice, when we are together, how familiarly every body speaks to you—and with what respect every one treats me; as to the men, let them be young or old, foppish or modest, one look from me, seems to make them stupid with astonishment."

"That's true," *Maria* would answer, with the greatest *naietie*.

"If merely looking at one produces such an effect on them, judge of the impression I must make when I speak—they look at me, seek in vain to speak, and their voices die away on their lips."

"Yes, I have seen a great many leave you without saying any thing; but don't you think as I do, dear *Armantine*, that this purchasing at a very dear rate the advantage of being handsome?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why I think it very disagreeable to produce such an effect on people as to prevent them from coming near us."

"I own it, and sometimes I am distressed at the universal empire, which I exercise so unwillingly, but after all there is some pleasure in knowing, that, as soon as I come in sight every body is so struck with admiration, that no one can utter a word."

"Well, as for me, I would much rather have people speak to me, and keep their senses. I have seen you more than once serious and silent in the midst of your numerous admirers. I was laughing and enjoying myself whilst you were very picture of ennui."

"You mean to say, poor *Maria*, that I reigned, and you made yourself too cheap."

"Oh! well rain as much as you like, I enjoy myself much more in sunshine. I am respected, if you call that making myself too cheap I am resigned."

These debates, which often occurred between



the ladies, did not in the least diminish the tender attachment, which subsisted between them, nor change the idea, which each one had of the other; Armantine looked upon Maria as an insignificant being, that might be noticed in society on account of her ingenuous prattle, and lively disposition; Maria always saw in Armantine a perfect and accomplished beauty, one whose charms it was impossible to resist.

Several incidents confirmed the sisters in their mutual good opinion. One day Mr. Dumont, who was usually much more occupied with his business than with the education of his daughters, for whom he thought he had done quite enough in putting them two years at a fashionable boarding school, took them to the opera. A celebrated piece was to be performed; all the boxes had been taken early, the only seats he could procure were in the stage box. Armantine and Maria went early and took the front seat which was near the pit: They had hardly seated themselves, when all eyes were turned toward Armantine, who was splendidly dressed, and to whom Maria whispered, "Do you see how every body looks at you? all the opera glasses are directed toward you: It is true I have never seen you look more beautiful than you do to-night."

"I believe in fact, that I create some sensation," replied Armantine with an approving smile.

As they were thus conversing together, a young lawyer, a relative of Mr. Dumont, came and seated himself on the bench behind them. Mr. Melcourt was a sensible young man, one whose talents gave every reason to suppose that he would attain to some high preferment; he had been for some time a very assiduous visitor at the rich merchant's house; so much so that it was easy to perceive, that there was some particular charm: Armantine did not doubt that she was the attraction, and the good and simple Maria was already quite delighted with the idea of calling him brother. In the next box, near to Armantine, were seated two very handsome and fashionable looking women. The enormous quantity of amber which Armantine had put upon her elegant embroidered handkerchief, together with the heat and closeness of the room became insupportable for her delicate nerve: one of the ladies seated near Armantine had wrestled for some time against the odor of the amber, but at last feeling herself so much indisposed she was obliged to go out, saying, "It is too bad! it is intolerable!"

"What does she mean?" asked Maria.

"It is not difficult to guess," answered Armantine; "she had come here with the intention of showing off, and seeing herself eclipsed, and that nobody noticed her, the coquette cannot bear it, so she says it is intolerable."

"She is very pretty though," replied the credulous Maria, "but when a woman wants to shine she must not come near you."

Mr. Dumont, who was accustomed to Armantine's perfumes, took the exit of the lady, as the effect of a sudden indisposition, but Melcourt, who had heard the conversation between the two sisters, whose characters he so attentively studied, could hardly repress a smile.

The vacant places of the fugitives were soon filled by two officers; one of them evidently of

high rank was seated near *la belle presomptueuse*. He coughed, hemmed, gasped, took snuff, and got by degrees into the greatest perturbation; having in vain endeavored to brave the uneasiness which he experienced, he went out abruptly, saying to the friend who accompanied him, "Let us go away from her, I feel it would be dangerous for me to stay."

"Do you hear that?" said Armantine to Maria, "that explains very clearly the restlessness which you observed in that officer."

"No one can resist your charms, you subdue even the favorites of Mars."

Mr. Dumont honestly believed, that the officer meant to speak of the impression made upon him by Armantine, and Melcourt was almost convulsed with laughter. But to crown the triumph of *La belle presomptueuse*, toward the middle of the piece, a charming looking youth, who appeared to be an invalid, and who was sitting in the pit on a bench near to Armantine gazing almost incessantly at her, was at last so much affected by the smell of amber, that he leaned his head on the shoulder of one of his friends and fainted away: he was immediately carried out, but the effect had been so great on him, and he became so ill, that it was necessary for some one to come forward and enquire of the audience if there was not a physician present, who would come to the assistance of the young man who had just been carried out.

"O mercy," whispered Armantine to her sister, "how sorry I am to have done him so much harm, but why did he look at me so incessantly?"

"It is bad enough to make the Generals and handsome women desert your presence," said Maria with an unaffected smile, "but to cause a young man to faint away, is making him pay rather too dearly for the pleasure of admiring you." Melcourt could stand it no longer, he bursted into a loud laugh.

Some time after this, Mr. Dumont took his daughters again. A celebrated vocalist was to sing. His name on the hand bills was sufficient to draw a large concourse of spectators; Mr. Dumont could only get seats in the balcony near the stage. As this was a very conspicuous place, Armantine was delighted with the opportunity of exhibiting her beauty, her unexhaustible vanity made her believe: that she would occasion the same havoc as she had done before. But as on this occasion, she had not made use of such a quantity of amber, neither the women nor the young men fainted, she was induced to say to Maria, "I do not think I look as well as usual to-day."

"For my part, I think you as beautiful as ever."

"Yet I do not think I attract the same attention."

"You know the public taste is so capricious."

"Is there any thing the matter with my head dress?"

"Not at all."

When our vanity cannot find food to sustain itself in one way, it is sure to seek it in another; Armantine not being able to produce the effect she desired upon the audience, soon found where-with to satisfy herself; by an event very common among actors, whose memories are crowded with

the different parts they have to perform. An actor who was justly styled the greatest ornament of the comic opera, was performing the part of the absent man, in *La Maison a Vendre*, in which part connoisseurs acknowledged him to be inimitable. As chance would have it, he missed his part, and became so completely bewildered as to astonish the audience.

"I am afraid that I am to blame for this, said Armantine to her sister, did you take notice how he looked at me?"

"Yes," said Maria, "he was looking toward you at the very moment he made the mistake."

"It is I who have caused his embarrassment, I cannot doubt it, give me your veil, I did not bring mine, I did not think I should want it, give it quickly, poor fellow, if he looks at me again, he will get out completely."

With this, Armantine immediately put on the veil; this attracted the attention of every body. Mr. Dumont no less surprised than every body else, asked his daughter why she put on the veil.

"I will tell you some other time, father, but let me assure you, that I act through prudence and necessity."

"Oh! yes, papa," said Maria, "if she did not do it, you would not see the end of the piece."

"I do not understand this mystery," replied Mr. Dumont, "you must explain it by and by."

Armantine remained veiled until the end of the piece, and as soon as the actor, who was quite unconscious of the source of his embarrassment, had retired, she uncovered her face, saying to her sister with the most touching accents of pity.

"How agitated he was, I am very much afraid that he will not be able to play the after piece."

"I shall be so sorry," said Maria, "for they say he is charming in *Le prisonnier*."

The curtain rose again, and *le charmant prisonnier* made his appearance, *La presomptueuse* immediately covered her face with the veil; this occasioned a general surprise, every body began to titter and laugh; Melcourt who was in the opposite balcony, enjoyed very much Armantine's manœuvre, every one interpreted it in his own way, but he alone guessed the real cause.

Armantine, after some time became so conspicuous, that she was actually pointed at, and her inordinate vanity attributed all this to the powerful effect of beauty.

In the meantime Melcourt, who every day visited with greater assiduity at Mr. Dumont's, naturally gave the sisters reason to suppose he had serious intentions.

"For a few months past," said Maria, "he follows us every where: he is in love with you, you may be sure."

"In that case I pity him, for I am far from being disposed to receive his attentions: every time we are left together, I see him on the point of making his declaration, I really do not know what I should say to him."

"For my part, I think you very hard to please. Melcourt is handsome—very handsome—he has mind, talents, elegant manners—my father says he is moral, and in a profession, likely to raise him to the highest offices; what do you want more?"

"I own all this, but if I were to take him, what would become of all the others."

"So for *their* sakes, you are going to be an old maid?"

"Ah! dear Maria, it is so painful to be the cause of so much misery."

"But none have declared their misery yet."

"Not positively, still, I understand them too well; poor creatures!"

This conversation was interrupted by the servant, who came to announce Mr. Melcourt.

"Mercy," cried Armantine, "he has come to offer himself, I am sure, something more than usual must have brought him at this hour."

"Well, you must receive him with the respect due to him."

"Excuse me, my amiable cousins," said Mr. Melcourt as he entered the room, if I intrude on you at such an unseasonable hour; but I am authorized by your worthy father—"

"There can be no doubt," whispered Armantine to Maria, who was sitting on the sofa near to her sister. "Don't leave me, I beseech you."

"For some time I have been hesitating" continued Melcourt, addressing himself to Armantine, to speak to you on a delicate subject, but the kind feelings which you inspire—the fear of offending you—"

"Any attentions on your part, cannot be otherwise than flattering," replied Armantine, a little embarrassed.

"Perhaps cousin, you will think me a little abrupt, inconsiderate—*rash*—but the friendship, with which your excellent father honors me, has emboldened me to a step—"

"I am pleased to see, Mr. Melcourt, that you feel its importance."

"Well, then, to be plain, I have come to give you some *advice*, as a friend. To own to you that your beauty, your charms, the amiable qualities, which distinguish you, and make you dear to all—"

"Well,"

"Only tend to increase the ridicule, which you draw upon yourself."

"How?" replied Armantine, utterly confounded, and instantly changing her tone.

"What a queer *declaration*," whispered Maria, somewhat astonished.

"Explain yourself, sir, if you please."

"I was sure, that I would displease you, but I must brave everything to fulfil the most sacred duty. Let me tell you then, that the habit you have of using such a quantity of essences, makes every body avoid you. Those who would be eager to court your society, dread your approach, in a word, you are every where designated as *La belle ambree*."

"It is certain," said Maria, "that you *might* very often be taken for a moving perfumery."

"I do not think, however, that I can have *annoyed* any one by it."

"You do not notice it, that is what I say every day in your defence, but the other night at the opera, those two ladies—that officer—that young invalid—"

"How! is it possible?"

"Pardon me, if I destroy such pleasant illusions, but it was the odor of the amber you had with you, that caused *all* the agitation, which you had so good a right to attribute to quite another cause; wherever you go, it scarcely ever happens, that you do not excite murmurs,

which entirely *obliterate* the touching interest, which your youth and *beauty* would excite. You cannot imagine how ridiculous you make yourself. You know the rose needs no foreign aid to make it the queen of flowers. Do not attribute this advice, I beg of you, to any other motive, than the attachment I have for you. Judge what it cost me, considering the fear I have of offending one, to whom I belong already by ties—which I am so anxious to bind more closely."

"Rest assured, my dear cousin, that I will take advantage of the important advice you have just given me, and far from being offended—"

"Being offended," exclaimed Maria, "you would be very ungrateful. If a cousin had the charity to tell me of my faults, I would correct them at once, and esteem him the more."

Melcourt replied to this amiable frankness by an emotion, which was depicted on his every feature, and after congratulating himself on having ventured to take this step, he took his leave of the sisters, thanking the one for having received him with so much indulgence, and promising the other to tell her of her faults as soon as he could *discover* them.

Armantine, though convinced of the errors into which she had been led by her presumption, was not cured.

"*Ties which I am so anxious to bind more closely*," she repeated with uneasiness.

"Nothing is plainer, he wants to *marry* you, but he wanted to *correct* you first. That's very natural," remarked Maria.

"What a pity that I experience so much indifference for him! We may *esteem* those, who censure us, but it is difficult to love them."

"I think I could like such a *censor*; I have an idea he would make me perfect."

Some time after this, Mr. Dumont at breakfast, told his daughters, that the young lawyer had positively told his desire of becoming his son-in-law, and that he was coming that morning to offer himself. So my dear Armantine, make up your mind to promote your own happiness, and his—I think I hear Melcourt just coming in; come my daughter, compose yourself, let my presence encourage you, remember that this is perhaps the most important moment of your life. For I judge from your conversation, more than from him that it is you he desires."

"Oh my father I feel so agitated. Allow me to retire a few minutes, Maria I beg of you speak to him for me." As she went out of the room, she whispered to her sister, "speak to him for me, you know my sentiments, *try* to calm the despair, which my refusal *will* occasion."

As soon as Melcourt came in, Maria sought to excuse the sudden disappearance of Armantine. She gave as an excuse, the agitation which her father's communication had excited, and she said, "my poor sister is so much discomposed; her esteem, her gratitude for you is so great, it cost her more than I can express to you. She requested me to speak to you for her."

"She could not have chosen a better spokesman, my sweet Maria, than the one that I wish to consult to be mine, before formally proposing to her father."

"I!" replied she blushing, and with a faltering voice. "Can you mean what you say?"

"How!" exclaimed Mr. Dumont entering at once, "is it not Armantine you want?"

"I had not told you, it seems, which of my two cousins had stolen my heart."

"That's true, *all right*, come girl!—Maria, give him his answer."

"I do not think—I—if I were sure my cousin was not bantering me."

"Bantering *you*! charming Maria. Come I have promised to tell you of your faults as soon as I should discover them, you have one on which I would insist seriously—"

"Oh! tell it me and I will try to correct myself; what is it?"

"You do not know yourself; you never appreciate properly your just value. I have a long time studied your character, followed your steps—listened to your every word, and never! no never have I known a more affectionate heart, a more artless mind, a more amiable temper. Yes, my cousin, to me, you are the most lovely of women, and I promise faithfully, it shall be my study to make you the happiest."

"It was well," replied Maria, with a smile, "that your attachment was changed, for my sister had commissioned me to refuse you for her."

"Armantine had commissioned *you* to refuse Melcourt for her!"

"Yes, father, so as not to be the cause of the hopeless *despair* of so many others."

"Armantine, Armantine," said Mr. Dumont, laughing, "you can come forward, you need not be afraid."

"Rest assured Mr. Melcourt," said Armantine, as she entered, "that the pain, which my sister has just given you—"

"What do you mean, my dear cousin, she has on the contrary made me the happiest of men."

"What do I hear, Maria! it seems to me, I had requested you—"

"To refuse him for *you*, but not for *me*."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" said Mr. Dumont, bursting into a fit of laughter, "the trick is excellent. My dear child, we were both mistaken, it is your sister he wants; you must take it in good part, and give up your right."

"It is no sacrifice," said Armantine, "since it assures the happiness of Maria!"

"I expected nothing less from you," replied Melcourt, "I assure you, I anticipate great pleasure in calling you by the endearing name of sister. But since you all favor my wishes, may I not beg, that the happiest day of my life may not be delayed. The duties of the important post to which I have just been promoted, may ere long necessitate my absence from here for some time, and if I must be separated from my dearest Maria, I wish at least to be entitled before to call her mine."

"Must be *separated* do you say! If you were obliged to go away, would it not be my duty to follow you?"

"Well, well," replied Mr. Dumont, "it shall be soon, and rest assured that that day will also be one of the happiest of *my* life."

The wedding was in every respect a splendid affair. The mansion resounded with the mirth and liveliness of the numerous friends of both parties. Maria looked more lovely and interesting than ever, and even Armantine, whose



natural amiability prevented her from envying her sister's happiness, was more attractive than usual. The lesson she had learned was too plain to be misunderstood, and she on that night showed her natural good sense by casting away forever her vain airs and conceits, and proved the power of beauty, when united to a simplicity of manners, by carrying off the heart of one of the handsomest and most enterprising young merchants of the city.

It is asserted by the chronicler of the story, that both the married couple live in much comfort and elegance, and are remarkable not only for correct deportment and easy manners abroad, but for heart-felt happiness at home: and that the mistake of the sisters in the first proposal is often the subject of merriment to them, while it may serve as a lesson to all, who indulge the passion, to prove the utter silliness of VANITY or PRESUMPTION.

### ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

#### THE GALLINIPPER.

No Fiction.

WHOEVER has traveled on board a steamboat in our western waters, must have been singularly unfortunate, if he has not found much to interest and to amuse. The long rivers, whose current for hundreds of miles, has to be stemmed, cannot fail of making long acquaintances of those who are brought in such close position, and consequently there is a certain domestic familiarity indulged unknown in the shorter trips of northern traveling. It often too occurs that sympathetic spirits are brought into contact, whose communications do not always end with the journey. There is certainly a great deal in the scenery and attendant circumstances to elicit this magnetic influence. What can be more favorable for the development of the romantic and sentimental feelings, than an evening in the summer months, on the Ohio river? And then the spark is not left to die from the want of materials to feed it, but day after day, and night after night a thousand events are supplying the appropriate fuel. The water in the boiler is not more certainly converted into steam by the fire in the furnace, than the "softer feelings" are kindled into a flame by these propitious circumstances. But I have a long story to tell, so I will not extend my introductory remarks.

Two ladies, whose acquaintance I am happy in possessing, were returning from a visit to the southern part of Ohio, and one evening were enjoying the beauties of the surrounding scenery. The day had passed off accompanied by those numberless little incidents, that make up life on board of a steamboat, and there was superadded the company of one, whose conversation and friendly attentions rendered the passage more than usually delightful. The sun had gone down in all his glory and the gorgeous drapery of the crimson clouds, looked like the rich velvet hangings around the couch of the slumbering monarch. The night closed in, beautiful as the day, the blushing honors of sunset giving place to the deep cerulean sky, enlivened by the silver

moon and a host of glittering stars. So attractive was the scene, so soft the air, that after others had retired to rest, these ladies still lingered on the deck, unable to close in slumber eyes that were enchanted by these fairy visions.

While they were thus entranced, their silent spirits doing homage at the shrine of nature, there was a quick flitting sound that struck their ear, and in a moment on the shoulder of one of the ladies, a black animal was clinging. There is something in sudden fright, that often unnerves the most courageous, while there is an antipathy to the reptile race that some minds cannot overcome. I have known ladies of great courage and nerve, who would meet very undauntedly, formidable and actual dangers of which they were forewarned, betray the utmost terror and lose apparently all self-command, if some little insignificant animal, as a spider, or a mouse was on their persons. Thus it was with these ladies. That dark animal, clinging with a desperate tenacity to the shoulder of his victim, excited a terrific sensation and with rushing steps and voices raised to the highest pitch, they descended into the cabin imploring aid.

Their *entree* into the cabin was the prelude to a general alarm, and their wild cry of terror startled the sleepy tenants from their berths, whose first impression was that the boiler had burst. Being undeceived in this respect, the next inquiry was to ascertain the cause of this strange commotion. This enquiry was, however, sooner made than satisfied, for it is a well attested fact that while fright will often give great power to the tongue in uttering screams, it wholly fails in imparting the more necessary office of explaining the cause of them. There was one, however, present who might have stilled the tumult, but she considered herself an injured woman and lent no aiding hand. This individual who looked un pitying on the supplicating maid, and whose keen glance at once detected the cause, was one of Ethiopia's daughters. And here it may cause astonishment not unmixed with indignation, to reflect upon the unyielding obstinacy of that relentless being, and it will be asked, what could have caused this absence of feeling. That is an enquiry which I am now going to satisfy. We are all acquainted with the homely proverb, "love me, love my dog;" the converse proposition is equally true in all its declensions and mutations—"abuse my dog, abuse me." This sable lady was in possession of an animal of the above named class, and between the two an inviolable friendship had taken place. There were few points of resemblance externally, whatever there might have been mentally; their bond of union was therefore, one of those instances in which extremes meet. The one was jet black, the other dazzling white; the hair of one was short, crisp and woolly, that of the other long, soft and silky; the eyes of the one were large and prominent, of the other small and sunken; the nose of the one was flat, of the other sharp; the ears of the one stuck up, of the other they hung down; there was one trait common to both, when they grinned, which was very often, they both displayed a brilliant set of white teeth. Their mental and moral character may be summed up in one word—*snappish*.

When the affrighted damsel sought the sanctuary of the cabin with precipitate steps, she incautiously trod on the forefoot of the quadruped, who being one of the privileged orders, was quietly sleeping on the carpet of the saloon. Here arose another cry, not so much of terror as of pain. Fleeing to the protection of his mistress, he received a look of deep commiseration, while one of anger and indignation fell on the unwilling cause of this novel disturbance. It would be vain to conjecture how long the fair might have remained in the clutches of the monster, if she had not left the cabin and on her re-appearance on deck had not been met by some gentleman, whom the noise had started from their berths, and among the rest the gentleman who had so agreeably entertained her and her companion during the day. This friend of the fair soon saw how matters stood, delivered her from her foe and restored her to her wonted serenity.

There was a general inquiry to see the intruder, and much pleasantry was the result of producing the animal in full light. And here it was that the gallant Lothario shewed his address, by convincing the young lady that she had suffered no needless alarm. He assured her, on the contrary, that she had been attacked by a very venomous and spiteful animal. He represented it as deadly as the scorpion or viper. The name by which it was known in that part of the world was "Gallinipper," that was the vulgar name, but it was in fact an animal of the genus of "nepa," or water scorpion, and no doubt the latter part of the word "nipper" was but a corruption of the Latin word "nepa," the "gal" being added, because the animal shewed a particular fancy to the ladies.

With that explanation the lady appeared satisfied at the time, and felt very grateful for her happy preservation. Whether she is still of the same mind I am not prepared to say, but she has been favored with the following letter from some one to whom she had described the animal and made known the attendant circumstances.

MADAM—The gallinipper is an American word and found in no English writer. It is difficult to assign a cause for such a name, and no less so to trace its etymology. The animal is of the tribe "vespertilio" or the common *bat*, being, however, somewhat smaller and differing therefrom in some slight particulars.

#### ZOOLOGICAL DICTIONARY.

By silent stream or forest glade,  
In summer eve, at twilight shade,  
Around the barn, about the house  
With parchment wing and skin of mouse,  
When winds are still and air serene,  
A little animal is seen,  
An inoffensive, harmless thing,  
It does not bite and cannot sting.

It chanced that one at eventide,  
Where western waters smoothly glide,  
Around the steamboat fearless played  
As if within its forest glade,  
And unmolested soon grown bolder  
It perched upon a lady's shoulder.  
With that there rose a fearful scream  
Like guilty conscience in a dream,  
And many rushed to lend their aid,  
And from the monster save the maid.  
Released from its terrific grasp,  
No more she seemed for breath to gasp,  
But even dares the foe to see  
That caused this gush of agony.

A gay Lothario who could see  
A smile instead of sympathy,  
To save the feelings of the fair  
Thus spoke with grave and solemn air,  
"You, madam, I congratulate  
Who have escaped a wretched fate,  
That creature is for venom famed  
And 'Gallinipper' it is named.  
Whoever falls within its fangs,  
Will shortly writhe in mortal pangs.  
I wonder not your heart should fail,  
Your frame should shake, your cheek turn pale,  
But, madam, be no more dismayed,  
The danger's past, the foe is dead."

This well-timed gallantry released  
From ill-timed jokes, and both were pleased.

And now, perhaps, you wish to know  
The name of this terrific foe,  
That to the steamboat took a notion  
And raised on board this strange commotion.  
I've often caught one in my hat,  
'Twas nothing but—a common Bat.

C. F. L. F.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### HENRY DEARBORN.

THE subjoined sketch of the revolutionary services rendered by General Dearborn, is collected from his brothers in arms.

When the British sent a detachment to destroy the military stores in the vicinity of Lexington, Mr. Dearborn, then a young gentleman in the study of medicine, resided at Nottingham, in New-Hampshire. Animated by the patriotic resistance of the Americans, immediately upon being informed of the battle, he assembled the inhabitants, and observed that the time had now arrived, when the rights of the American people must be vindicated by arms, or an odious despotism would forever be rivetted upon them. The militia had already gathered: and impressed with these sentiments, a company of 65 men, armed and accoutred, paraded at 10 o'clock of the next day after the battle of Lexington. Dearborn advanced with them in such rapidity, that they reached Cambridge common, a distance of fifty miles, in twenty hours. After remaining at Cambridge for several days, there being no immediate occasion for their services, they returned. Dearborn was soon after commissioned a captain in one of the New-Hampshire regiments, under the command of Col. Stark, and such was his popularity, and the confidence of the people in his bravery and conduct, that in ten days from the time he received his commission, he enlisted a full company, and again marched to Cambridge. On the glorious *seventeenth of June*, information was received at Mystic, (now Medford) where Dearborn was stationed, that the British were preparing to come out from Boston, and storm the works which had been thrown up on Breed's Hill the night before, by the Americans.

The regiment to which he was attached was immediately paraded, and marched to Charlestown Neck. Dearborn's company composed the flank guard to the regiment. They crossed the neck under a galling fire from the British men-of-war and floating batteries, and having sustained some loss, arrived at the heights. The action soon commenced, and the Americans stood their ground until their ammunition was expended, and they could no longer beat off the

British bayonets with the butt-ends of their muskets. Dearborn carried a fusée into the battle of Bunker's Hill, and fired regularly with his men.

The next arduous service in which he was engaged, was the expedition to Canada, through the wilds of Kennebec, under the command of General Arnold. He was not ordered on this dangerous and difficult service, but persuaded a captain, who was drafted, to exchange places with him. Thirty-two days were employed in traversing the hideous wilderness between the settlements on the Kennebec and the Chaudiere, in which every hardship and fatigue, of which human nature is capable, was endured indiscriminately by the officers and troops. On the highlands, between the Kennebec and St. Lawrence, the remnant of provisions was divided among the companies, who were directed to make the best of their way in separate divisions, to the settlement of Chaudiere. The last payment of food in Dearborn's company was shortly consumed, and he was reduced to the extremity of dividing a large dog which accompanied him, with his associates. When they reached the Chaudiere, from colds, extreme hardship and want of sustenance, his strength failed him, and he was unable to walk but a short distance without walking into the river to refrigerate and stimulate his limbs. With difficulty he reached a poor hut, on the Chaudiere, where he told his men that he could accompany them no further, animated them forward to a glorious discharge of their duty, and would suffer no one to remain to attend him in his illness. His company left him with tears in their eyes, expecting to see him no more. Dearborn was here seized with a violent fever, during which his life was in danger for ten days without physician or medicine, and with scarcely the necessaries of common life.—His fine constitution at last surmounted his disease, and as soon as he was able to mount a horse, he proceeded to Point Levi, crossed over to Wolf's Cove, and made his appearance at the head of his company a few days before the assault on Quebec. At four o'clock in the morning of the 31st December, in a severe snow storm, and in a climate that vies with Norway in tempest and intense cold, the attack was commenced. Dearborn was attached to the corps under Gen. Arnold, who was wounded early in the action, and carried from the field. Morgan succeeded to the command, and "with a voice louder than the tempest," animated the troops as they stormed the first barrier and entered the town. Montgomery had already bled on the immortal ground, and his division being repulsed, the corps under Morgan was exposed to a sanguinary but unavailing contest. From the windows of the store-houses, each a castle, and from the tops of the parapets, a destructive fire was poured upon the assailants. In vain was the second barrier gained by scaling ladders; double ranks of soldiers presented a forest of bayonets below and threatened inevitable destruction to any one who should leap from the walls. Dearborn maintained, for a long time, this desperate warfare, until at last he and the remnant of his company, were overpowered by a sortie of 200 men, with field pieces, who attacked him in front and rear, in a short street and compelled him to surrender. The whole

corps, originally led on by Arnold, were killed or made prisoners of war.

Dearborn was now put into rigid confinement, with a number of other officers, who were not allowed to converse with each other, unless in the presence of the officer of the guard. While in prison he was urgently solicited by the English officers to join the British; was promised a colonel's commission if he would accept and was assured if he refused, that he would be sent out to England in the spring, and be inevitably hanged as a rebel. The only reply he made to their solicitations or menaces was, that he had taken up arms in the defence of our liberties and the rights of his country; that he never would disgrace himself, or dishonor his profession, by receiving any appointment under Great Britain, but was ready to meet death in any shape rather than relinquish the glorious cause he had espoused.

In May, 1776, Col. Meigs and himself were permitted to return on their parole. They were sent round to Halifax in a ship of war, and treated with the usual contempt and hauteur of English officers, who would not deign to speak to Americans, nor even allow them to walk the same side of the quarter deck with themselves. They were put ashore in Penobscot Bay, and returned by land. In the March following Dearborn was exchanged, and appointed Major to the 3d New-Hampshire regiment, commanded by Col. Scammell. In May he arrived at Ticonderoga, and was constantly in the rear guard, skirmishing with the British and Indians, in the retreat of St. Clair, when pressed on by Burgoyne's army.

When the advance of Burgoyne was checked, and he encamped on the heights of Saratoga, Dearborn was appointed Lieut. Col. commandant of a partizan corps of 300 men, stationed in front, to act as a corps of observation in concert with Morgan's riflemen. In the famous engagement of the 19th of September, Colonel Morgan himself commenced the encounter by driving in the outposts and picket-guards of the right wing of the British army, which was commanded by General Burgoyne in person. In the hard fought battle of the 7th of October, he was in the division of General Arnold, who commenced a furious and persevering attack on the right wing of the British forces. Whilst Arnold pressed hard on the enemy, Dearborn was ordered to pass the right, and take possession of eight heavy cannon, which played over the British into the American lines. In executing this order he was charged by a corps of light infantry, which he repulsed with fixed bayonets, gained the eminence, took the cannon and the corps of artillery attached to them, and having disposed of them, made a rapid movement into the rear of the British lines, and gave a full fire before his approach was discovered. The British were soon after forced to a precipitate retreat, and Dearborn assisted in storming their works through the whole extent, under a tremendous fire of grape and musketry. Arnold was wounded in the same leg, which suffered when Dearborn followed him to the assault of Quebec, and was repulsed from the works after having gained a temporary possession of them; but Lieutenant-Colonel Brooks having gained the



left of the encampment, was enabled to maintain his ground. During the long contested battle, which decided the fate of Burgoyne's army, Dearborn was unable to rest, or take any refreshments, from daylight until late at night. The succeeding winter he passed in camp at Valley Forge, with the main body of the American army, commanded by General Washington in person.

At the battle of Monmouth, the spirited conduct of Colonel Dearborn, and the corps under his command, attracted particularly the attention of the commander-in-chief. After Lee had made a precipitate and unexpected retreat, Washington, among other measures which he took to check the advance of the British, ordered Dearborn, with 350 men to attack a body of troops which were passing through an orchard on the right wing of the enemy. The Americans advanced under a heavy fire, with a rapid movement, and shouldered arms.—The enemy filed off and formed on the edge of a morass; the Americans wheeled to the right, received their second fire with shouldered arms; marched up until within eight rods, dressed, gave a full fire, and charged bayonet. The British having sustained considerable loss, fled with precipitation across the morass, where they were protected by the main body of the army. "What troops are those," inquired Washington, with evident pleasure at their gallant conduct:—"Full blooded Yankees from New-Hampshire, sir," replied Dearborn.

When the disaffection and treason of Arnold transpired, he was stationed at West Point, and was officer of the day at the execution of Major Andre.

In 1781, he was appointed Deputy-Quarter-Master-General, with the rank of Colonel, and served in that capacity at the siege of Yorktown. In short, there was scarcely a battle between Yorktown and Quebec, during the long protracted war, in which Colonel Dearborn did not take a brave, active, and conspicuous part.

## MISCELLANY.

### TRANSPPOSITION.

#### The Christian's Wappy Wome.

I Love the hearth where the evening brings her loved ones from their daily task, where virtue spreads her spotless wing, and the foul serpent vice, never appears; where the gentle song of the blooming daughter, like heavenly music, rings sweetly upon the ear and thrilling hearts prolong the notes. There, the father sits in joy, and the cheerful mother smiles, while her laughter-loving boy beguiles the eye with sportive tricks, and transcendent love descends like sunlight on the purest foam, and with its cheering glow lights up the home of the happy christian. Contentment spreads a holy balm around a resting place so bright, and gloomy sorrow finds a balm in gazing at a sight so fair; the cold selfishness of the world has departed and discord is known no more; the pearly tear-drop of pity starts from the eye, and the door is attended by charity. No biting scandal grates on the ear or scalds the tongue, but kind remembrance rejoices in such a residence, and the meed of virtue is

sweetly sung. In their human nature they soar on high where heavenly spirits love to roam, and vice, as it rudely stalks by, admires the happy home of the Christian. I have often joined the lovely ones around the bright and cheerful hearth, with father, mother, sons and daughters, the brightest jewels of the earth, and while the world around grew dark, and fashion called her senseless throng, I have fancied that spot to be holy ground and a fair girl's voice the song of a seraph. Swift as circles fade away upon the bosom of the deep when pebbles are tossed upon it by boys at play, disturbing its still and glossy sleep—the hours have sped in pure delight and wandering feet forgot to roam while the banners of the night waved above the happy home of the christian. The rose of Sharon, that blooms in the valley and scents the purple breath of the morning, may wither in the shades of the evening, and bend its crimson head in death; and the bright ones of the earth may decay amid the tomb, like the blushing rose, but still the mind shall bloom when time and nature fade away. And there, amid the holier sphere, where the archangel bows in awe, where the King of Glory sits near to execute his perfect law, the ransomed of the earth shall come with joy in their robes of beauty, and find a rest without alloy amid the Christian's Happy Home.—*Poughkeepsie Casket.*

### GREEK FUNERAL.

A low bier, standing near the centre of the church floor, bore the corpse, the remains of a female. On her head was a white turban, in which was gracefully entwined a large braid of hair. She was dressed in a long light brown silk mantle, with edges trimmed with sable.—Her head was resting on a pillow of yellow silk, beautifully figured with gold, and a small coverlet of the same was spread over the lower part of the body, and hung down from the foot of the bier. She seemed like a person who had thrown herself on a couch to rest from the fatigues of a journey. No coffin, no shroud, none of the wonted habiliments of the dead were seen. On each side of the bier stood waxen candles, and around were standing hundreds of friends, each bearing a lighted taper in his hand. Half an hour or more, the priests alternatively chaunted and recited the funeral service, and at short intervals numbers recited a sacred song. The Scriptures were opened, and from the ancient Greek was the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth. An aged priest, with a long hoary beard, standing by the side of the dead, in his own native dialect, then addressed the people: He stood there, he said, to speak for her who could no longer speak for herself, and for her to forgive any, who might ever in any way have injured her. If she had herself injured any, he hoped that they would freely forgive her. The assembly with united voice, responded "we forgive, and may she also be forgiven of her God," crossed themselves and bowed. The crowd then parted and the relatives themselves drew near. The eye of the husband was now, for the last time, fixed on the object of his affections. Thrice he crossed himself, then bowed and kissed the cheek

now cold in death; and so feeling, so affectionate was this last farewell, that no one could pronounce it a ceremony merely. The deceased was then borne to the depository of the dead, and when laid in the tomb, the priest poured oil on her head, repeating from one of the Psalms of David, *the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.*

"My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff? "Why, my dear Mary," replied Julia, "I believe I could take him at a pinch."

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. W. F. Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. A. Phoenix, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. M'K. Syracuse, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. C. Geneva, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. L. Smyrna, N. Y. \$1.00; W. L. T. Palmyra, N. Y. \$5.00; D. B. Middleburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; E. T. Hanover Center, N. H. \$2.00; D. L. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. P. Littleton, N. H. \$1.00; H. B. Canton, N. Y. \$1.00; L. F. Leominster, Ms. \$1.00; A. M. Webster, N. Y. \$6.00; M. G. Sennet, N. Y. \$1.00; E. C. Bonckville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. F. D. H. Bennington, Vt. \$1.00; J. W. P. Coxsackie, N. Y. \$1.00; H. M. W. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. K. Clermont, N. Y. \$1.00; C. G. Salem, N. C. \$0.50; G. H. S. New Baltimore, N. Y. \$1.00; H. W. Comstock's Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; I. S. Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.00; J. V. B. La Fayette, N. Y. \$1.00; M. W. Shelburne Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; C. C. Fort Ann, N. Y. \$1.00; P. W. Swanton, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Fall's Village, Ct. \$1.00; I. S. North Leverett, Ms. \$1.00; R. Y. Builville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. P. W. West Farms, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. West Townsend, Vt. \$2.00; H. B. Norwich, N. Y. \$1.00; C. T. G. Shushan, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. Shoreham, Vt. \$1.00; M. C. P. Rochester, N. Y. \$1.00; C. F. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; S. S. C. Phoenix, N. Y. \$1.00; S. L. R. Livonia, N. Y. \$1.00; L. C. C. West Bloomfield, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. W. Catskill, N. Y. \$5.00.

### Married,

At Athens, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Lape, Mr. Luther Payne, of Hudson, to Miss Elizabeth Van Loon, of the former place.

At Lebanon Springs, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. N. N. Wood, Mr. Jacob Decker, of Greenport, to Miss Maria Scott, of Great Barrington, Mass.

In Claverack, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. R. Snyter, Mr. John Van Derkarr, of Ghent, to Miss Getty Maria Heaynor, of the former place.

At the same place, at the same time, and by the same, Mr. William Augustus Stickle to Miss Margaret Thomson, all of Claverack.

In Gallatin, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. H. Vedder, Mr. Henry Hamer, of Pine Plains, Dutchess Co. to Miss Clarissa Antoinette, daughter of the Rev. H. Vedder.

At Claverack, on the 23d ult. by Sylvanus Smith, Esq. Mr. William Barringer, of Ghent, to Miss Mary Catharine, daughter of John A. Stickle, of the former place.

### Died,

In this city, on the 4th inst. of consumption, which was borne with great fortitude and resignation, Mr. James Nash, in the 48th year of his age.

Few men meet death with so much composure and fortitude as did Mr. Nash. His worldly affairs were all arranged and settled as soon as the insidious disease had marked its victim; and but for his wife and children he had no desire for a longer sojourn here below, and died as he had lived, in peace.—*Communicated.*

In this city, on the 27th ult. Lucretia, wife of Mr. James Ellis, in the 25th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. Mr. Bennet O-born, in his 56th year.

On the 9th ult. William Van Wyck, in his 72d year.

On the 28th ult. Walter, son of Mr. Michael Barringer, in his 1st year.

On the 6th inst. James, infant son of Mr. J. Butterfield.

In Brooklyn, on the 1st inst. Dinah, eldest daughter of the late David Coleman, of this city, in her 30th year.

In New Bedford, on the 30th ult. Miss Adaline, daughter of Mr. William Bates, formerly of this city, aged 27 years.

The subject of this obituary was called upon in the meridian of life, to bid farewell to the things of earth. That call was responded to by a spirit ever submissive to the Divine will. Consoled by a faith which "looks beyond the bounds of time," and which whispers life in the midst of death, she calmly resigned her spirit into the hands of Him who gave it. Long had she suffered with a disease whose certain advances admitted of no hope of recovery, and thus had she ample opportunity to test the efficacy of that faith which beholds in God a universal Parent, and in Jesus Christ a universal Saviour. Under the sustaining influence of this "sure and steadfast hope," she was enabled, on the last day of her existence, to take an affectionate leave of her beloved relations, trusting to meet them in a purer and happier world, where no such trials cloud its brightness; and, then, sweetly to repose on the bosom of that love, which had been her joy in life, and was her consolation in death.—*Communicated.*



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## ITALY.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

LAND of the stern, the bold, the brave,  
Where is thy palm of glory now?  
Where are thy chiefs of haughty brow,  
And where do thy war banners wave?  
Yon sculptured wall, and crumbling fane,  
Can this be all that doth remain  
Of one who made the world a slave,  
Is all thy line of Cæsars dead?  
Have all thy mighty warriors fled,  
To slumber in the silent grave.

Land of the noblest genius where,  
Are all thy living statues gone?  
Where are the glories of thy dawn;  
The immortals who transformed the air—  
To make it seem indeed as breath!  
Say, sleeps Canova low in death?  
Or Angelo! has he no share,  
In all that's passing here below;  
Or must the blushing canvass show—  
Or marble bust how great they were.

Land of the high, and wilder song,  
Where are the bards who wrought thee fame?  
Are tombstones all the world may claim,  
For Maro's verse! does he belong  
To yon lean host of spectres who,  
Pass, only in the great review?  
Say where is he! and all that throng  
Who gathered 'round Italia's shrine,  
A human halo half divine;  
Survive they not, the doubly strong.

Italian glories where are they,  
Let yonder mouldering columns tell—  
Yon statue where a Cæsar fell,  
Rank weeds, the germings of decay!  
Let all her ruins have a tongue,  
And backward be the mantle flung  
While we her mighty bones survey;  
The race of Scipios is no more,  
Her day of triumphs too is o'er  
All but her deeds, have passed away.

And is this barren picture all!  
All that survives the mighty swell?  
Weep living empires, ere she fell  
Her greatness was the nations' pall:  
And what will all your glory be  
When ye are old in years as she?  
Down on your knees and weep! her fall,  
Should prove how vain are all your deeds,  
Though valor strike, and empire bleeds;  
Thy bays will fade at nature's call.

Fort Ann, N. Y. Feb. 1, 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

I LOVE the ivy mantled bower,  
Rocked by the storms of a thousand years,  
The grave whose melancholy flower,  
Was nourished by a martyr's tears.

The sacred yew so feared in war,  
Which like the sword to David given,

Inflicted more than human scar,  
And lent to man the arms of heaven.

I love the Organ's joyous swell,  
Sweet echo of the heavenly ode;  
I love the cheerful village bell,  
Faint emblem of the call of God.

Waked by the sound I bend my feet,  
I bid my swelling sorrows cease,  
I do but touch the mercy seat,  
And hear the still small voice of peace.

And as the ray of evening fades,  
I love amidst the dead to stand,  
Where in the altar's deepening shades,  
I seem to meet the ghostly band.

One comes, oh! mark the sparkling eye,  
The light of glory kindles there!  
Another—hear his deep drawn sigh—  
Oh! 'tis the sigh of dumb despair.

Another treads the shadowy aisle,  
I know him—'tis my sainted sire:  
I know his patient angel smile,  
His shepherd's voice, his eye of fire.

His ashes rest in yonder urn,  
I saw his death, I closed his eye,  
Bright sparks amidst those ashes burn,  
That death has taught me how to die.

Long be our Fathers' temple ours,  
Woe to the hand by which it falls,  
A thousand spirits watch its towers,  
A cloud of angels guard its walls.

And be their shield by us possessed,  
Lord rear around thy blest abode,  
The buttress of a holy breast,  
The ramparts of a present God. S. S. C.  
Hudson, Jan. 25, 1841.

## FOR EMILY.

BY THE LATE WM. S. HOLDEN.

THE cherished friends of early youth,  
What 'ere there after, lot,  
Their names within this book enshrined,  
Shall never be forgot.

'Tis the sweet record of the heart,  
That feels affection's sway,  
And from its loved ones doomed to part,  
May wander far away.

For while the seasons come and go  
Through many a future year,  
Friend after friend shall pass away,  
Of those who are so dear.

But faithful memory, when the eye  
Shall view each simple strain,  
Memorial of an absent one,  
Will call them back again.

## THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

BY EPES SARGENT.

WE will not deplore them, the days that are past;  
The gloom of misfortune is over them cast;  
They were lengthened by sorrow and sullied by care;  
The griefs were too many, their joys were too rare;  
Yet now that their shadows are on us no more,  
Let us welcome the prospect that brightens before!

We have cherished fair hopes, we have plotted brave  
schemes;

We have lived till we find them illusive as dreams;  
Wealth has melted like snow that is grasped in the  
hand,  
And the steps we have climbed have departed like  
sand;

Yet shall we despond while of health unbereft,  
And honor, bright honor, and freedom, are left?

Oh! shall we despond, while the pages of time  
Yet open before us their records sublime!  
While ennobled by treasures more precious than  
gold,

We can walk with the martyrs and heroes of old;  
While humanity whispers such truths in the ear,  
As it softens the heart like sweet music to hear?

Oh! shall we despond, while with vision still free,  
We can gaze on the sky and the earth and the sea;  
While the sunshine can waken a burst of delight,  
And the stars are a joy and a glory by night:  
While each harmony, running through nature, can  
raise

In our spirits the impulse of gladness and praise?

Oh! let us no longer then vainly lament  
Over scenes that are faded and days that are spent;  
But by faith unforsaken, unawed by mischance,  
On hope's waving banner still fixed be our glance;  
And should fortune prove cruel, and false, to the last,  
Let us look to the future and not to the past!

## WHY DON'T HE COME?

Why don't he come? He promised me  
He surely would be here;  
And dad and mam are out to tea  
For once the coast is clear.

I wonder what he wants to say?  
When last his leave he took,  
He asked me twice at home to stay,  
I wonder how I look?

Oh! why I'm almost out of breath!  
Suppose he asks! what then?  
I'll certainly be scared to death,  
I'm so afraid of men!

I think I'll have him though, at last,  
But first I'll answer, no!  
For many a girl by hurrying fast,  
Outstrips her tardy beau!

Oh! here he comes—his steps I hear—  
And now he'll soon begin;  
I would not for the world appear  
In haste to let him in.

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